

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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Poetry.

Thou Hast Learned to Love Another.

Thou hast learned to love another,
Thou hast broken every vow;
We have parted from each other,
And my heart is lonely now.
I have taught my looks to shun thee,
When coldly we have met;
For another smile hath won thee,
And thy voice I must forget;
Oh! it is well to sever,
This heart from this false lover;
Can I forget thee, never?
Farwell, farwell, forever.

We have met in scenes of pleasure,
We have met in halls of pride;
I have seen thy new found treasure,
I have gazed upon thy bride;
I have marked thy timid glances
Of thy down cast happy eye;
I have seen thee gaze upon her,
Forgetting I was by.
I grieve that 'ere I met thee,
Fain, fain, would I forget you;
It were folly to regret you,
Farwell, farwell, forever.

We have met and we have parted,
But I uttered scarce a word;
Like a guilty thing I started,
When thy well known voice I heard;
Thy looks were stern and altered,
Thy words were cold and high;
How my traitor courage faltered,
When thy well known voice I heard;
Oh, a woman's love will grieve her,
And a woman's pride will leave her,
Life has fled when love deceives her,
Farwell, farwell, forever.

A BIT OF BORDER LIFE.

BY AN OLD COMRADE OF DANIEL BOON.

In the year 1807, I was living in a log cabin settlement in Missouri. There were but a few of us, but we were strong-armed and stout-hearted—as we were used to be; for the prowling savages hemmed us in on every side. One day, in the Spring, I had to go to a neighboring settlement, where Boone was, for some corn for seed, and did not get back till the next morning. I found no wife, no child, no neighbors on my return; only smoldering logs and mutilated corpses. The savages had made clean work of it the night before. I was horror-stricken; but a gleam of comfort came to my heart; when I missed the bodies of my wife and child. They had evidently been carried off as prisoners, and being alive, they might be rescued. I hastened to the nearest settlement. It was John O'Neil's settlement. On arriving there, I found John in the same state as myself, excepting that his family had been slain along with his neighbors—he himself having escaped by being absent as I was. He of course did not hesitate a moment to join me in the attempt to rescue my wife and child.

We had ascertained that the attack upon my settlement had been made in the night by a party of less than a dozen Sioux Indians, whose village was near the mouth of the Des Moines River, scarcely two days journey by land up the Mississippi. They had descended in canoes, and I knew that although I had lost nearly two days, we might reach the Des Moines by land before they could arrive by the tedious river, and against the powerful current.

Providing ourselves with two rifles each, and a supply of ammunition, we started forth, and, being well mounted, rode rapidly in a northern direction, to strike the Mississippi at about the point where we expected to intercept the canoes. Here leaving our horses, we examined every part of the river bank for miles, hoping to find the camping place of the Indians if they had yet passed; for we knew they would spend the night on shore. We discovered nothing to indicate that they had passed, though it was more than possible that they might have made their encampments on the farther side, or upon some of the many islands in the river. At length, on reaching the mouth of a small stream, we discovered moose tracks in the mud, and the marks where two canoes had been dragged ashore; and, but a little distance from these signs, were the still smoldering embers of a camp fire.

This was a joyful discovery. But how much greater was my delight when I found scattered near the spot several familiar objects, which seemed purposely to have been left there as if to direct and encourage our pursuit. There were a child's shoe, a little apron, and a portion of a woman's dress, which I instantly recognized as having belonged to my little boy and wife. Besides, there were other articles of female apparel which I did not recognize, and I was convinced that the savages, who were accompanied by a number of captives, could not be many hours ahead of us.

Thanking heaven for these encouraging tokens, and praying that our hands might be strengthened for the coming struggle in which we hoped soon to be engaged, we pushed rapidly on; every now and then, where a long range of the river presented an opportunity, looking cautiously

from the thickets for a sight of canoes. In this manner we traveled nearly all day, when towards evening, on coming to a sudden bend of the bank, we discovered almost beneath us the anxiously looked-for objects.

There were two large dug-outs, each containing four painted savages, and as many female captives. In the foremost I perceived the dear objects of my agonizing solicitude. My wife was seated upon the bottom of the canoe, and holding our darling boy to her bosom.

Thanks to the All-Merciful Father, they were yet unharmed, for I could see that the child slept sweetly, with its rosy lips pressed contentedly against its mother's breast. For an instant I had no eyes for anything else. I saw not her companions. I scarcely saw their merciless captors. The Indians were exerting their utmost strength to stem the current that swept swiftly round the bend—or I am certain they must have caught sight of me, as in the excitement of my sudden joy, I exposed myself upon the edge of the bank. My wife saw me. But with the tact and presence of mind which brave women like her always display in trying moments, she placed a finger upon her mouth, and slightly motioning me to leave the spot, lifted her eyes upward, as if to thank Heaven that sure success was at hand.

As rapidly returning the recognition, I dropped back to the cover of the thicket, and falling upon my knees, I poured forth my heart in gratitude to that kind Being, who had been watching over those beloved ones, and prayed for His assistance in rescuing them from the fate those murderous fiends were reserving them for.

To attack the savages now was out of the question, and after a hurried consultation with O'Neil, we determined to keep cautiously along the bank of the river till evening, where we knew they would land for the night. The mouth of the Des Moines, we knew, could not be reached by them till the following day, for not expecting pursuit, they traveled leisurely.

Fortunately, say, providentially, as might be, the savages directed their canoes up the mouth of a little creek on the west side of the river, and prepared their camp. The prisoners were landed, and tied to saplings in a circle, around which, after partaking of their scanty supper, the Indians disposed themselves. The spot that they had selected, showed that they thought not of pursuit. It was a kind of a sink hole, where they were completely protected from the wind, and being without blankets, as well as their captives, this was the more necessary, as the nights at this season were yet chilly. Noiselessly, and scarcely daring to breathe, O'Neil and I crept to a position where we could look directly down upon the party without ourselves being seen, even had watchful sentinels been posted about the Indian encampment. The savages had toiled hard all day against the powerful current of the Mississippi, and were soon all buried in sleep. Their loud snoring satisfied us of this.

Up to this time we had formed no final plan of rescuing the prisoners, and I whispered to O'Neil to give me his views. "You see," said I, "we cannot use our rifles upon those vermin without endangering the lives of our friends, and besides, if every bullet of our rifles counted, there would still remain two to one to fight."

"Just so, Sam," said he, "taint no use to rely on our shooting irons, (unless we club them,) at all events, in the commencement of the tussle. Our knives, you know, make no noise, and I reckon if we're 'cute about it, we can be good for some on 'em before the others wake. But do you think they're all good asleep?"

"I've no doubt of it," said I. "Now, John, let us act upon your plan. Let us creep upon the murdering hounds and dispatch as many as possible while they sleep. But take your rifles as near to the spot as you can, and then Heaven help us!"

I led the way into the hollow, keeping a large cottonwood between me and the Indians, till we reached it. Here we leaped our four guns against its roots to be in readiness for use, then grasping our hunting knives in our right hands, and our belt hatchets in our left, we moved slowly and without stirring a twig or leaf, down upon the circle of dark forms. The early moon had risen, and her light broke in straggling beams upon that strange group. Some of the poor females, overcome by fatigue, hunger and grief, had fallen into a disturbed slumber. But in the dim light I could perceive my brave little wife. Never till that moment did I know her courageous heart. She knew we were near, and in this desperate moment, when every hand was needed for the work, she was not idle. She had stealthily drawn the knife of one of the sleeping warriors, and had cut the thong that bound herself and companions, and then, firmly grasping the blade over the throat of a huge Indian, seemed to await our approach. Approaching close upon the outer circle, I motioned to O'Neil to select a painted savage, whose loud breathings told that he slept soundly, and as he raised his arm to strike, I drove my knife into the heart of another. At the same instant I saw the arm of my little wife descend upon the breast of a third savage, and then upon the fourth, with the swiftness of light-

ning. Now O'Neil and I sprang to our feet, and with our hatchets crushed in the skulls of three others, before the eighth savage could gather himself up. As this fellow attempted to rise with a yell, my comrade, who had leaped back to the cottonwood and snatched a rifle, sent a bullet through his brain, and then turned to make sure work on the dying savages upon the ground. Thus you see heaven was with us and guided our hands, for in far less time than I have taken to describe this bloody scene, we had rid the fair earth of those eight murderous fiends, and were received into the grateful embraces of our rescued friends. That was the happiest and proudest moment of my life.

We appropriated one of the canoes, and before the return of day, were all safely afloat upon the descending current of the great river. That night found us under the sheltering roofs of kind and sympathizing friends.

President Lincoln's Proclamation.

WHEREAS, the laws of the United States have been for some time past and are now opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings or by the powers vested in the Marshals by law.

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and I do hereby call forth the militia of the several States of the Union to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress the said combinations and cause the laws to be duly executed.

The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the War Department. I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity and the existence of our National Union and the perpetuity of the popular government, and to address the wrongs already long enough endured.

I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the force hereby called forth, will probably be to repossess the forts, places and property, which have been seized from the Union, and in every event the utmost care will be observed consistent with the objects aforesaid to avoid any devastation, any destruction of life or property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country; and I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days from this date.

Declaring that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do hereby in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution, convene both houses of Congress. The Senators and Representatives are therefore summoned to assemble at their respective Chambers at 12 o'clock, noon, on Thursday, the Fourth of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as, in their wisdom, the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 15th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

Signed, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By the President:
WM. H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

Murder of the American Secretary of Legation in Japan.

The brief account of the murder of M. Houten, Dutch Interpreter and Secretary of the American Legation in Japan, which appeared in the summary of the foreign news, was well calculated to excite indignation at the thought that a people upon whose Embassy we had recently lavished so much attention should requite our kindness by killing an important officer in the American diplomatic service. The event is at best mournful and deplorable enough, but, in justice to the Japanese Government, it should be stated that full accounts of the recent tragedy show that it is to be attributed, in part, to the unnecessary exposure of the deceased to the danger of traveling through the disorderly streets of Yeddo at night, when no one, no matter what his nationality or position, can count upon immunity from attack if he is not well guarded.

It appears that Mr. Harris, the American Minister, had repeatedly urged him never to go out on the streets at night, particularly since a strong party, hostile to the intrusion of foreigners, had been organized.—Philadelphia Press.

A little alum boiled in a tea-cup of milk, and the card used as a poultice, is excellent for inflammation of the eyes.

THE MADDENING BOWL.

O put away the maddening bowl,
Beware its poisoning breath;
A fiery serpent lurketh there,
An arrow tipped in death.

O put away the maddening bowl
And thy spirit light and free,
Shall range at will through quiet gloom
Or skim across the sea.

And gaze upon the glorious stars,
Reflected from on high,
As though around, beneath, above,
Were all one liquid sky.

O put away the maddening bowl,
Then shall thy brain be clear,
And gentle thoughts, like incense rise,
To God in silent prayer.

O put away the maddening bowl,
'Twill fill with fire thy brain,
And turn earth bright, and glorious things
To agony and pain.

No longer bind thy spirit down
To low and groveling things,
That soon might break each hateful spell,
And soar on joyous wings.

Might claim its kindred to the skies,
When earthly ties are riven,
And meet at last thy faithful friends,
In yon bright home in heaven.

O put away the maddening bowl,
I hate its poisonous breath,
A fiery serpent lurketh there,
An arrow tipped in death.

For the "Spirit."

TEMPERANCE.

Intemperance has frequently been called the sin of our land. It is an evil, a fearfully growing evil, that is sweeping thousands of the brightest intellects and noblest hearts into its dark yawning maelstrom; an evil which has hitherto overleaped every barrier and rushed through every obstruction that has attempted to oppose its course.

Temperance has become a worn-out theme; its thread-bareness, causing it to be scorned among the originalities of the present day. Yet the apparently weak efforts of the few who have nobly raised their voices against the evil, should not be despised. Is it not the duty of those who stand on the watch-tower to give warning of coming peril? The destined victims are not aware of the frightful abyss toward which they are hastening; so smoothly do they glide, so gentle is the descent. They see not that they are gradually approximating to the state of the confirmed drunkard, who, by "putting a thief into his mouth to steal away his brains," has degraded himself below the beasts, whether taken for pleasure, sociability or relief, the results of intoxicating drinks are the same. Ere they are aware, habits are formed, which, at first, weak as the threads of a spider web, become strong as iron bands, and drag the youth, whose morning sun rose so brightly, and gave promise of so cloudless a day, down into the slough of degradation; and no parent's kind exertion, no sister's gentle influence; no brother's strong endeavor; no friend's tearful love can ever replace them on the firm foothold of manhood. For them the sunbeam of hope is forever gone.

Few, we hope, are so irrevocably lost, yet there are thousands on the way to the same final wretchedness. What can be done for them? We look on the past and present, and in vain do our thoughts go on a "tour of observation." Many a rotatory of Bacchus feels his need of reformation more than we could tell him, but the habit is formed and difficult to break. Numerous allurements are around the hapless tripper; temptations which we can scarce understand. They have, too, the unfortunate example of some of the noblest sons of earth. But should this be encouragement? Do we admire the political wisdom and sublime eloquence of Daniel Webster, more for his intemperate habits for a season? Nay, while highly estimating his greatness, we pity his frailties. Poets, too, have celebrated in flowing numbers the praises of wine, but not for this have their names floated down to us, through the vistas of the past, surrounded with the radiant halos of fame. Is it encouragement for the talented of the present time, that such men as Byron or the "bard of Scotland," sought pleasure and relief from sorrow in the intoxicating cup? Surely not. Would it not be nobler to imitate their virtues than to follow the vices of the great who have lived before us?

In our contact with the world's rough ways, we cannot avoid meeting with many

cares and vexations, which are more galling to the sensitive mind, than even great sorrows, and which are enough to attempt a desperate effort to drive away thought, but it is wise to do so, by means which will in the end, add tenfold to that care and sorrow? Better far "break the chain that binds" us to folly, and raise thought above worldly troubles which can last but for a season, than to debase ourselves in your own estimation and that of your fellows by seeking temporary excitement in the maddening bowl, which is, after all, neither Lethe nor Nepenthe.

Could the pestilential dews where the poison is vended be, by any means, annihilated, an untold amount of sorrow would be swept away. But this cannot be done. How then are wanderers to be reclaimed from ruin's seductive track? These erring ones must be dealt with gently:

Off widely he has gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way,
'Tis pitiful, but yet beware:
Reform must come from kindly care,
Deal gently with him, make him feel,
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal;
Tell him the perils of the way,
Wherein his feet have gone astray,
So shall he turn him.

Nor is it enough to take him by the hand, and call him brother. Habit is too tyrannical a despot to be so easily dethroned; but like Poe's Raven, "still, sitting," ready to take advantage of momentary weakness, and re-assert its sway over the mind it has so long led captive, and the victim is again drawn near ruin's brink.

Perhaps even those by whose influence he was at first guided in the better way, make no second effort, but add the sting of tooth of sharp rebuke, say they have placed him in the right, directed him the road, let him go; and the poor lost one, father, brother, son or husband, falls at last never to rise again. One of old has said "until seventy times seven shalt thou forgive an offending brother." Should those who profess to be His followers be so much less merciful? None are all evil, and perhaps in that one last aside, may be slumbering virtues, good intentions, even good actions, claiming record and generosity, sympathy and charity may have their abode in those hearts encased by intoxication.

If we could but see "the face behind the mask," our deepest commiseration would doubtless be awakened, and we would feel that the saving of a human being is worth the strongest exertions that can be made.

Then with the school-boy's motto, "perseverance," let us go on, happy if a life long effort succeed in bringing one "wandering star of virtue back."

LADY VISITOR.

Men of Principle.

The man of principle needs not the restriction of seal or signature, or any legal instrument. He deals in solitude as in public, at midnight as in the sunshine. His grasped hand is as good as a bond, and his promises as sterling as gold. The complicated interests of men which so often jar and conflict, are reconciled in him with a beautiful harmony. He is himself the embodiment of Justice, the symbol of a perfect society. His charities are not the droppings of a formal pity, but the outflow of a yearning love. In his soul there is a fountain humor, and close by, a fountain of tears. His spirit is an instrument strung to every proper mood, touched by the light graces of the passing hour, or swept by "solemn thoughts that wander through eternity."

A Dutchman, looking for a person by the name of Dunn, who owed him a "small account," asked a wag near an eating-house, in Chatham street, as he "wished to find Mr. Dunn." The wag told him to go into the eating-house, and the first person at the first table was the gentleman he was inquiring for. The Dutchman went in, about as slow as a jackass toward a peek of oats, and this "first gentleman" happened to be an Irishman. "Are you Dunn?" said the Dutchman, "Done!" says Pat: "by my soul, I am only just commenced!"

At Pat, an old joker, and a Yankee more so, Once riding together, a gallows passed by.

Said the Yankee to Pat: "If I don't make too free,
Give that gallows its due, pray where would you be?"

"Why honey," said Pat, "faith that's silly known,
I'd be riding to town by meself, all alone!"

If an empty purse could speak,
What love like speech would it make?
You'll find no change in me!

Clippings from "Vanity Fair."

Positive and Egg-sure.
A cackling hen.

THE NEW TARIFF.—More Ill.

BY OUR COCKNEY.—When can a young man assure himself of living to a good age? When before his mirror he is sure to be old himself.

By Our Scotch Contributor.—Why was the storm which drowned Lord Ullin's daughter, like a mouchoir? Because it snuck her chief.

Appropos of the Hard Times.—An old friend, with a new face: Whatever is, is tight.

THE EDITOR'S LAST WORD. To Our Own Correspondent: Be sure you write, then go ahead.

Something About Vessels and Navigation.

The following extracts in regard to the different kinds of Ocean vessels, the different parts of a vessel, and the duties of the officers and men, we take from a narrative of a voyage from Baltimore to Rio Janeiro, published in the St. Clairsville Gazette, and by the same name.

Our vessel is a brig, which means one with two masts, square rigged. To be square rigged is to have the yards or poles to which the sails are attached placed across the masts at right angles and projecting on each side. A schooner is a two masted vessel but not square rigged; that is the yards or apparatus to which the sails are attached project only on one side of the masts. A brig has three masts; the foremast and main or middle mast square rigged, the hinder or "mizen mast" not square rigged. A ship has three masts, square rigged. * * * The forward deck is called the main deck, and it has around it a balustrade nearly 4 feet high. On it stands the gallery or kitchen, and fore-cabin or sailors' quarters. All behind the main deck they call the "poop deck," or commonly "Aft." This is 2 feet higher than the main deck; the top of the cabin, as already said, about 2 1/2 feet higher than the poop deck, they call the "house." The main mast is 150 feet high, or 120 above deck. It has 4 sails attached to it. First, the fore and aft main sail, rigged like a schooner's sails on only one side of the mast. It is attached below to the "jib-boom," a long beam which extends 40 feet or more to the extreme back part of the vessel, and must be changed from side to side as the wind of direction of the vessel changes. Next is the "square main sail," attached to the first yard of the main mast. Next the "main top gallant sail." On the fore mast, is the "fore main sail," the "fore top sail," "fore top gallant sail" and "royal," a small sail on the top. There are sometimes sails run up on each side of the "fore main sail"—seldom set. The bowsprit, a kind of mast which slopes out from the bow at about 40 or 45 degrees, has to it 3 small sails, which are called respectively, "outer, inner jib, and fore stay sail," because it runs up on the forward stay. Stays are large ropes which hold the masts in place. Between the fore and main mast is run up a sail called "main stay sail," because on fore stay of main sail. Thus our brig carries 13, and sometimes 14 sails. The rigging I will not attempt to describe, as I know hardly any of the great number of ropes, which all have names.

A captain's only business is to navigate the vessel—has no work to do. He is not considered as having any business off the poop deck or forward of the main mast. Properly he should not give orders to the men himself; but to the mates, who then order the men. Captain and first mate take the altitude of the sun in the morning or evening, and at noon, whereby they make out their reckoning, or latitude and longitude, with the chronometer. First mate keeps the log-book, or record of the voyage, and calculates the reckoning by courses and distances. Captain has exclusive right of windward side of poop deck; no one else passing it when he is on deck. Our Captain is not very particular, and we go where we wish. First and second mates have each his watch, and each has half the sailors. A watch is four hours long. Whichever is on watch, his men stand turn about at the wheel and pump ship, and at night keep watch forward. Each mate is thus alternate nights four and eight hours above or below, as the case may be. When only 4 hours below at night, he is entitled to four hours in forenoon to make out his eight. All are liable to be called up at any time, however, when needed. Except at times in a storm or gale, sailors have not hard labor. From about 8 A. M. they are generally employed in making masts for rigging, wrapping or mending rigging, where it may chafe, or making and mending sails. Sailors are a class of their own, and a queer one at that. A Captain seldom knows anything about his men until after he starts, unless sometimes his officers. They roam where they please, seldom go twice in the same vessel; see only the worst class generally on shore, and many might say truly, "No man cares for my soul." During this voyage our crew have been in from six to seven different nations.

Marvelous Magic—The Decapitation Performed by an Eastern Juggler.

I was a student of medicine in Paris in 1856 and 1859, and in company with other Americans, tired of the monotonous life of the Quai de la Seine, I frequently roamed through the new city, on the west bank of the Seine. Quarters and operas, gardens and singing cafes, bazars and boutiques were all visited by us. One evening, at early dusk, a party of us were strolling through the Rue Richelieu, and when near the Boulevard, our attention was drawn to a flaming poster of an Eastern juggler, who was performing at some hall on the Boulevard du Temple. Among the things very wonderful, this man would cut off the head of a living man, and day after day to surprise him in the trick. Being considerably accustomed to manipulating with the knife in the dead, and being thoroughly hardened to all sights of horror, we determined to go and see this wonderful necromancer. At the hour appointed we repaired to the hall, and obtained a seat near the stage. After performing wonderful tricks, the magician came forward, and suggested as his last feat for the evening the actual decapitation of a living man. Apparently, to prevent feelings of horror among the ladies, he assured the audience it was a trick of legerdemain, there slight of hand, that he did not; in reality, cut the man's head off. With this explanation, he invited any one in the audience desirous of capital punishment to step forward, promising speedy satisfaction. For some moments no one appeared anxious for the honor. "At length a soldier, a private in the infantry, stepped forward and signified his readiness to be decapitated. There could have been, it was very plain, no conversation between the man and the magician, as the latter, without authority, had directed the man to direct himself of his coat and neck tie, or stock, the magician brought out the instruments of death. It was an enormous knife, resembling a ponderous cleaver. He cast it down to show its weight and it left a large impression in the weight of the knife. He then made the man lie down, and placing the soldier's neck far in the block, the magician fixed a long handle to his enormous knife, and proceeded very leisurely, and with heavy, well-directed strokes, to chop the man's head off. During this he merely lowered the footlights, without obscuring the view at all. A cry of horror and amazement burst from the assembled audience, as with every descending blow of the huge cleaver the blood spouted away. The man who was undergoing the operation simply gazed through his lower limbs. Soon the dismembered head rolled on the floor, the blood issued by jets from the cut arteries, and the jaws dropped, while the eyes stared up in death. It was a horrible sight. The magician then took the bleeding head by the hair and passed it not more than three feet from our party. I do not see the man.

I almost expected to see a fierce, gen-er-alm-ize and arrest the murderer. Suddenly, but only for an instant, the room was darkened. In a second all was light again, and we saw the magician busy at work attempting to natch the head to the bleeding trunk. Diligently he worked, and for some moments, apparently, to no purpose. All at once, however, he slapped the dead soldier smartly on the back, immediately the man arose, felt anxiously around his neck, looked foolishly around, and descended amid the audience. I do not see the man.

Population to Square Miles.

The census of 1860, shows the following as the population of the various States compared with the square miles of area in each:

Massachusetts, 169 8; Rhode Island, 445 5; New Jersey, 98 1; Connecticut, 96 9; New York, 84 5; Maryland, 62 4; Pennsylvania, 61 8; Ohio, 68 5; Delaware, 53 0; New Hampshire, 40 6; Indiana, 89 9; Vermont, 89 4; Illinois, 50 9; Kentucky, 20 7; Virginia, 26 0; Tennessee, 25 2; South Carolina, 25 1; North Carolina, 21 8; Alabama, 19 0; Georgia, 18 2; Missouri, 18 0; Maine, 17 9; Louisiana, 17 1; Mississippi, 16 8; Wisconsin, 14 4; Michigan, 13 3; Arkansas, 8 3; Florida, 2 4; California, 2 0; Minnesota, 2 0; Texas, 1 9; Kansas, 1 5; Oregon, 5.

There is nothing formidable about death except the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest is short if it does not.

A leading maxim with almost every politician is always to keep his countenance and never to keep his word.

Those men talk most who are in the greatest mental darkness—frogs cease their croaking when a light is brought to the water-side.